THE
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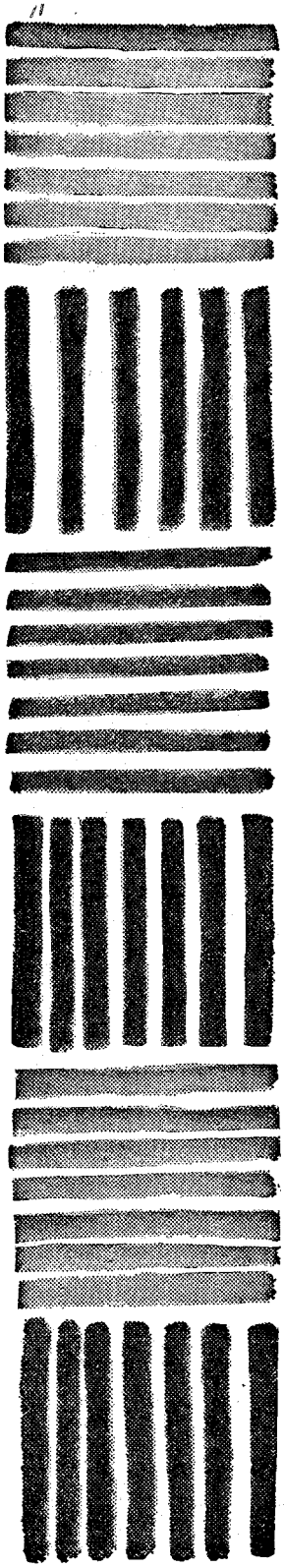

Top-Secret Mania

Leonard A. Stevens

CUBA:
Salvation Through Sugar

James O'Connor

Detroit Makes Your Choice

FASHION or SAFETY

Ralph Nader

Wolves and Congressmen

David Cort

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LETTERS

Glossolalia

Stony Brook, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: It is refreshing to read an article about a most unconventional phenomenon (Donovan Bess's "Speaking in Tongues," *The Nation*, Sept. 28) which gives a balanced and sober presentation with minimal irony. . . .

There is, however, one point the author might have noted: Critics such as Doctors Horton and Come who claim that glossolalia can lead to violent and homicidal effects offer not a shred of substantiating evidence. Come had to dig back to a seventeenth-century description of an Anabaptist meeting to document his charge. . . .

Whatever glossolalia may be, it does not seem to be hurting or killing anyone. The only people who appear threatened by it are the organizational theologians and those individuals who dislike any intense and spontaneous human behavior. Meanwhile the rest of us should remain cautious and charitable in our judgments.

Michael Parenti
Dept. of Political Science
State University of New York

Charlottesville, Va.

Dear Sirs: With reference to Donovan Bess's "Speaking in Tongues," it may be remarked that the current epidemic of glossolalia in upper-class, "respectable" churches has much in common with "Moral Re-Armament". . . .

Both "High-Church Pentecostalism" and Moral Re-Armament involve a Fundamentalistic, literalistic acceptance of the Bible, the Spirit of God, "inspiration," etc.—a viewpoint which . . . implies an authoritarian personality of the type which is quite congenial to ultra-conservatism. . . .

However, because the form of mystical experience it offers is so much more Dionysian, glossolalia has a much greater potential than M.R.A. for dissolving the authoritarian complex which originally produced it. By providing for a release of repressed emotional energies which at the same time is guilt-free because of its religious sanction, it produces an at least partial and temporary relaxation of those inner, emotional tensions and conflicts that prompt authoritarian personalities to project their own hates and lusts on convenient or socially acceptable scapegoats. . . .

T. Peter Park

Southern exuberance

East Lansing, Mich.

Dear Sirs: A colleague and I were en route from New Orleans back to Michigan in my car which . . . has no radio. Hence, we did not know that four young Negro girls attending Sunday school had been killed in a bomb blast that very morning in Birmingham. . . . However, we became aware that something was taking place when we got as far as neighboring Bessemer. From then on, until we were north of Birmingham, there was a certain festive air and white kids, always kids, and mostly boys, in evidence everywhere carrying Confederate flags. The streets were full of cars filled with such kids, the scrawny and tough-looking kids that seem so common in the hot and humid South. . . .

My friend commented that there must be some big game going on in the vicinity and I saw no reason to disagree. . . . The whole feeling we sensed was one of exuberance and pleasant excitement. Yet, of course, what was really being prepared for was a night of terror brought about by a cowardly act of inhumanity. . . .

Robin A. Drews
Dept. of Social Science
Michigan State University

Fair play for Krebiozen

Great Neck, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: The opinions in your editorial "Krebiozen — The End of the Road" [Sept. 28], are startling in their presumptions. Your sweeping fiat to bar the drug to new cases is amazing, since millions of lives may be adversely affected. To you it was enough that the FDA said Krebiozen is creatin. . . . Why the medical oligarchy has displayed such maniacal opposition to Krebiozen, admittedly non-toxic, is a fit subject for your excellent Fred Cook to look into. . . . Dr. Ivy has said that he has repeatedly requested an impartial clinical evaluation and that this was always ignored or denied on one pretext or another by organized medicine. . . .

Samuel Pivar

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial on the Krebiozen controversy ends with the remark that "The FDA has the power to bar dispensation to new cases [of cancer] and there—if at all possible—the matter should be allowed to rest." That the matter should be allowed to rest seems a rather absurd idea in light of the possibility—granted it's remote—that the drug may have some tangible chemical value. Nowhere have you expressed the belief that the drug actually is worthless. What frightens me more is that you're so ready to let the entire matter drop simply because of restrictions on its distribution. Your attitude, if I interpret it correctly, is, "Well, it might or might not be any good, but with all that confusion and red tape . . . what the hell."

Robert Burg

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Right Way to the Moon

In a *volte-face* as sensible as it is sensational, President Kennedy proposed on September 20 at the United Nations General Assembly that the United States and the Soviet Union should undertake a joint flight to the moon. He reversed not only himself but Dr. Robert R. Gilruth, director of the Manned Space Center, who, only a few days earlier, had dismissed the idea in what *The New York Times* termed an "offhand and astonishingly quick manner." This does not quite do justice to Dr. Gilruth's views, which were based on the observation that he "trembled at the thought of the integration problems" of mating a Soviet capsule to an American rocket, or vice versa.

Gilruth's logic is impeccable, but his premise is wrong. He has set up a technological straw man. What must now be worked out is a practical organizational setup and *modus operandi*. *The Nation*, which was advocating cooperation in space before Mr. Kennedy assumed the Presidency, has some thoughts to offer on the subject. To begin with, the journey to the moon is so closely tied up with military rocketry that first steps towards disarmament are a prerequisite. Assuming that disarmament begins to take effect, the Soviets would continue to pursue their preparations for a manned lunar landing, and we likewise. But there would be a crucial difference: what has been a glorified drag-race would be transformed into an international project carried on by scientists and engineers responsible not only to commissars and industrialists, Communist or capitalist (and are they so different, actually?), but to all mankind. At Soviet lunar research sites expert American advisers would be stationed with full access to all information and operations; similar liaison would be maintained by Russians at Canaveral and Houston. There would be discord and quarrels, as there are within both camps now (but suppressed by larger considerations). A final technological court of appeals would decide on the only possible basis — what is most likely to work?

The effects would be revolutionary. The ones that can be discerned at this stage are, first, that unmanned exploratory flights would yield more reliable information at a fraction of the present cost to both parties, at the same time reducing the risk to the astronauts which — this cannot be too strongly emphasized — will remain formidable. The same reasoning applies to the rendezvous experiments — and experiments is all they are. Second, the cold-war heat would be off. Despite all internal dissension, the joint project would be carried on at a prudent pace, likewise reducing costs and enhancing the astronauts' chances of coming back alive. Third, and of greatest moment, since successes and failures would be the result of joint endeavor, whether a Russian or an American crew first set foot on the moon would be a secondary consideration. Neither nation could score a nationalistic triumph.

The President spoke of "the scientists and astronauts of our two countries — indeed of all the world. . . ." The qualification is vital. Only the U.S. and the USSR have the resources to attempt the moon venture. Hence, these two must play the leading roles; but, to fulfill what may be its predestined historical role, the enterprise must be truly international. Practical rocketry was developed by the Germans in World War II. They would have to be represented, as would the British and the French, the Japanese and the Chinese — among 700 million people, will not some astronautical engineers emerge? The launch dates could best be decided by a committee of the world's leading scientists, regardless of nation or color.

Thus the astronauts would represent not only their own countries but the United Nations, which in this endeavor could be truly united. If there were significant technical differences between the American and Soviet systems, whichever was judged to have the better chance would be sent up first. If it failed and the astronauts perished, the loss and grief would be the world's, not merely America's or the Soviet's. If it succeeded, the triumph would be that of united humanity. How primitive and anachronistic nationalistic vanities already appear in the vistas which the President's proposal has opened!

The New Look at Cuba

The hopes inspired by the Kennedy Administration's new look at the moon race can, however, be shattered overnight by a renewal of military hostilities in any sector where capitalist and Communist interests clash. Cuba, in particular, is the place to watch. It offers an obvious opportunity for the Cuban exiles and the ever-ready and semi-autonomous CIA. There is no need for Mr. Kennedy to prompt them; he has only to avert his eyes. In fact a relatively efficient joint operation, altogether different from the muddle of 1960, is already being formed. Senator Goldwater referred to it with pious reticence in a TV program on September 19. Less restrained, all the New York dailies have reported that Cuban exiles under Manuel Artime, the leader of the Bay of Pigs debacle, have resumed training for another try. Artime, backed as before by what *Newsweek* calls "former Batista underlings," has cemented an alliance with Luis Somoza, former Nicaraguan dictator and still the country's army chief. Nicaragua is the jumping-off place for air and sea sorties which, it is hoped, will soften up Fidelismo for internal insurrection.

Late in April, after the twenty-one American prisoners Castro was holding had been released, Ted Lewis reported in the New York *Daily News* that the Ad-

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ministration was prepared "to give quiet support to any organized exile moves to supply and hopefully revitalize the underground movement inside the Communist police state." By June a concerted step-up in operations was evident. More recently (September 3) Lewis reported: " . . . it is no secret that both in Nicaragua and Costa Rica there are thousands of Cuban exiles, many of them veterans of the Bay of Pigs fiasco, in training again. Others are stationed in bases in Venezuela, rearming for another strike at the homeland. All this costs money, and the CIA is one government agency that can spend it in a big way without a Congressional audit." Recent raids, including strikes by twin-engine bombers with jet fighter escort, show careful military planning and direction. Other phases of the "new look" include the smuggling of agents into Cuba and stepped-up sabotage. Not without reason, Castro's military is jittery. Even assuming that Operation Pinprick, or whatever its code name may be, is not aimed at actual invasion, still it would seem the height of folly for Washington to sponsor a clumsily disguised effort of this sort to subvert the Castro regime. Why does the President permit an apparent fixation with an island in the Caribbean to endanger his bold proposal for a joint United States and Soviet lunar probe?

How To Be Conservative

When President Kennedy addressed the nation over radio and TV on September 18 to plead for his $11 billion tax cut bill, the Republicans asked for equal time and got it. And they chose the right man: Rep. Thomas B. Curtis of Missouri, senior Republican member on the Joint Economic Committee and a member of the House Ways and Means Committee. Curtis is an honest, logical conservative of the Robert A. Taft school, frankly committed to the "Puritan ethic" and fearing only God and inflation. Rational conservative opinion, which we need for ballast in our politics, is undercut by (1) me-too Republicans who, by any fair test, really belong in the Democratic party; (2) Birchites, Goldwaterites, Bensonites, Dixiecrats, et al., who call themselves conservatives because the word has a good sound and enables them to play on the frustrations and angers of embittered voters. As one listened to the Curtis rebuttal, the difference between genuine conservatism and the counterfeit variety became as clear as day.

As Curtis said, everyone is for cutting taxes. Everyone is for reducing spending too — except when his own ox is gored. The possible options are by now so mixed up in political contention that it is hard for the ordinary citizen to follow the debate. Tax cuts with tax reform would have been socially and economically defensible, but politically they were poisonous. Senator McGovern's proposal for tax cuts with specific budget cuts, mainly on the arms side, with a shift to social needs, has likewise gone down to defeat. Tax cuts with an arbitrarily imposed limitation on budget increases is obviously a Republican tactic to embarrass the Democrats; the Democrats, for their part, would like to receive credit for tax cuts without incurring the odium of cutting the budget anywhere.

Of course, neither the Democrats nor the Republicans, as a party, are candid about their motives; they can't afford to be. Representative Curtis made this charge against the President as well. Mr. Kennedy boasted that the *wholesale* price index has not gone up, but Mr. Curtis pointed out that most of us buy at retail and that items like insurance, medical care and hospital service have risen radically.

Another Kennedy evasion is his promise to maintain "an even tighter control over expenditures." Representative Curtis asked us to look at the Kennedy record and decide how much reliance could be placed on this pious hope. Mr. Kennedy has been spending around $6 billion more each year that he has been in office. In fiscal 1961, which was partly under President Eisenhower, he spent $81 billion; in fiscal 1962, $87 billion; 1963, $93.6 billion. For the current fiscal year, the President promises to spend no more than $98.8 billion. "We insist on deeds, not words," Mr. Curtis says.

What deeds? Where is the cutting to be done which will allay the fears of honest conservatives (and a good many liberals as well)? There is nothing rhetorical about these questions; last month the cost of living index went up 0.5 per cent — a rate of 6 per cent a year. Mr. Curtis himself has given the answer, although he did not pin it down in his September 21 address. These are armament budgets; the bulk of the spending is for the military machine, the largest and most wasteful in the history of nations. Mr. Curtis has alluded to this profligacy on occasion, and he voted against the arms budget. This is what he should emphasize in what remains of the debate. Otherwise, the $106 billion budget which he fears in the next fiscal year will become a reality, and inflation will further diminish the buying power of the dollar.

The House in Wonderland

Is Congress obsolete? With only four bills signed into law by the President since January (and none of them of earth-shaking significance), the question is being asked with greater frequency and mounting insistence. And it should be, for the House — if not the Senate — continues to stage demonstrations of ineptness so acute as to suggest it may well have outlived its usefulness. On September 17, the "debate" of the day concerned H. R. 8200 — a bill to establish a system of fallout shelters throughout the nation. Since the collapse of the great shelter mania of 1961, little had been heard on the subject, but thanks in large part to an inattentive press, the shelter enthusiasts have regrouped and are again on the march.

The circumstance that the bill emerged from the Armed Services Committee chaired by Rep. Carl Vinson was enough to guarantee its passage. But Mr. Vinson was not taking any chances. With the assistance of Rep. F. Edward Hébert — a faithful cohort — he refused to grant time to those who had misgivings about the wisdom of a shelter program at

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this time and about the efficacy of shelters generally. Instead, the "debate" was carefully limited to two groups: Democrats who favor fallout shelters and, as is their wont, expect the government to foot the bill; and Republicans who favor fallout shelters but, as is their wont, would like to see the home-town fallout shelter company get the business. As the "debate" dragged on, nuclear war began to be discussed as though it were some not-too-serious natural disaster. For example, Rep. S. M. Matsunaga (D. Hawaii) compared nuclear war to "volcanic eruptions, typhoons, and tidal waves." Others compounded their ignorance of the facts of nuclear war by their adherence to the doctrine that fallout shelters are "part of our total nuclear deterrent."

Yet on May 24, 1961, President Kennedy had declared: " . . . it [civil defense] cannot deter a nuclear attack. We will deter an enemy from making a nuclear attack only if our retaliatory power is so strong and so invulnerable that he knows he would be destroyed by our response. If we have that strength, civil defense is not needed to deter an attack. If we should ever lack it, civil defense would not be an adequate substitute." A small ray of reason emerged at the end of the "debate" when Rep. William Fitts Ryan (D., N. Y.) and Rep. George Brown (D., Calif.) managed to steal two minutes each to inform the House that fallout shelters were a specious investment and might cause more harm than good. Rep. H. R. Gross (R., Ia.) summed up the futile afternoon's debate with the statement: "This is the world of make-believe."

Pawns of the President

Of the difficult assignments that fall to patriots these days, none is more hazardous than being tapped by the President to provide public-relations cover in those acute situations, foreign and domestic, for which the Administration has no immediate policy or program. To be asked to serve as the President's representative is more than an honor; within limitations, it is an obligation that few Americans would feel they could decline even if they had little relish for the particular assignment. Indeed, some of them serve when the risk of their being used as sacrificial victims for bankrupt policies is clear and present. High on the list of this gallant breed of heroes is Henry Cabot Lodge, a prominent Republican with diplomatic experience, drafted to undertake in South Vietnam a mission strewn with pitfalls and booby traps. Not merely must Mr. Lodge attempt to win concessions from President Diem and the intransigent Nhus, but he must also bridge over the various divisions that have arisen among feuding American agencies and within the CIA. Aware as he must be of the difficulties inherent in his assignment, it must have crossed Mr. Lodge's mind that, should disaster finally overtake American policy in South Vietnam, his presence there provides the Administration with political reinsurance.

Other representatives who enlist our sympathy are Mr. McNamara and General Taylor, two of the busiest men in Washington, who have been hustled overseas once again to provide the Administration with an image of efficiency and competence. Their presence in Saigon also lends moral support to Mr. Lodge who, in news photographs with them, looked as though he were in sore need of it. And then, of course, one thinks of Mr. Kenneth C. Royal and former Army Coach Earl C. Blaik, who were posted to Birmingham to bring peace and order to that troubled city, only to be greeted with another bombing timed to coincide with the opening of negotiations between the white and Negro communities. Upon sending these loyal men on their hazardous mission, the President reassuringly announced that the residents of Birmingham were, he was sure, quite capable of handling their own affairs — with a little guidance and coaching from his representatives. But when Messrs. Blaik and Royal arrived, they were greeted at the airport by an all-white delegation that told them, and the world, that the trouble in Birmingham is the work of "outside" agitators and interlopers; spokesmen for the Negro community referred to them as pawns.

And, from the recent past, one recalls the harsh strictures of Dr. Milton Eisenhower on his experience as a representative of the President in negotiating the medical-supplies-and-hostages exchange with the Cubans. It is perhaps safe to assume, also, that Gen. Lucius Clay will have a few tart and cogent paragraphs in his memoirs about the perils of "representing" our image-conscious President. Some special form of recognition should be provided for these selfless individuals who have responded to calls to win time and provide interim headlines of hope and good cheer, while the Administration continues to deal with basic problems as if they were social mishaps which the magic of public relations could correct. Lacking some such medal or scroll of honor, it may not be long before our distinguished citizens begin to shake and quiver when told that the President is on the phone.

The Lion Tamers

Once again voices have been raised in Congress calling for "a thoroughgoing probe" of the CIA. The basic criticism is the same: intelligence and cloak-and-dagger activities should not be combined in the same agency. The point has been clinched in South Vietnam where this basic weakness has divided the agency into warring factions. Not only have CIA "dissidents" leaked reports to newsmen of the internal feuding, but a pro-Nhu faction in the agency is said to be responsible for stories which appeared in the pro-Diem *Vietnam Times* that the CIA was planning a coup (designed, of course, to make a coup unlikely). Congressional critics of the CIA roar like lions after each new debacle occurs—the U-2 situation, the Bay of Pigs—but unfortunately the roars soon subside. Congressmen, like other mortals, have a weakness for cloak-and-dagger fiction and, in executive session, invariably succumb to the tall tales of the CIA lion tamers. It will happen again.

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CUBA: Salvation through Sugar... James O'Connor

Pre-revolutionary Cuba's favorite slogan was *"sin azucar no hay país"* —a free translation is "sugar equals survival." This bare equation was held as an article of faith by Cuba's ex-rulers and time and again thwarted plans for agricultural diversification. When Fidel Castro assumed power in 1959, the slogan came under sharp attack: Sugar went hand in hand with economic stagnation; sugar meant monoculture and economic dependence on the United States; sugar was condemned for guilt by association with the island's old governing classes. These themes have figured in the political speeches of Cuba's new leaders, in key revolutionary legislation, and in countless newspaper and magazine articles appearing during the past four years, and have helped to create what can only be described as an anti-sugar mentality on the part of planners and workers alike. Inevitably, the National Agrarian Reform Institute (INRA) — Cuba's most powerful state body during the first two years or so of the revolution—has slighted sugar cultivation in favor of other food and industrial crops.

In August, in a speech to the national convention of Cuba's small private farmers, Castro disclosed that the revolutionary government had made a fresh appraisal of the role of sugar in the island's economic future. Deploring the neglect of sugar in the past, he dramatically announced that "sugar and cattle will be the foundation of our economic development" during the next decade. Production target: eight million tons of sugar annually as soon as possible (output barely reached 3.9 million tons this year).

Few major criticisms can be leveled at INRA's recent cattle policy. Since 1960, when the rate of slaughter was at an all-time high, it has quietly restored Cuba's herds to pre-revolutionary levels (at the price, it should be added, of sharply reduced beef rations), simply by prohibiting private sales of beef.

The reappraisal of Cuba's sugar policy, however, has come none too soon. The cane cooperatives, formed in 1960 and transformed into state farms in the fall of 1962, had neglected to weed and plant the fields; and the private growers, who still produce 60 per cent of the crop, had failed to obtain needed credits, supplies and harvest workers. The climax of the government's anti-sugar economics came in 1961, when Castro himself ordered Cuba's entire corp harvested (up to one-fifth of the island's cane land is ordinarily held in reserve; sugar is a perennial) and many fields destroyed to make way for other food and industrial crops. It was this policy which Minister of Industries Che Guevara, in an interview a few days after Castro's speech, called one of the revolution's two "fundamental" economic errors (the other was the over-ambitious and uncoordinated industrialization program).

The "error" of 1961 reduced available sugar land under cultivation by about 15 per cent and lowered average yields by roughly 5 per cent (because reserve lands yield substantially more cane per harvested acre). Since production itself was off about 42 per cent from 54.3 million metric tons of cane in 1961 to 31.4 million tons this year, nearly one-half of the decline can be attributed solely to 1961 harvest policy. The droughts of 1961 and 1962—rainfall in 1960 was half again as much as in 1962—probably reduced the harvest by another one-quarter. The remaining one-quarter of the decrease was due to what visiting journalists like to label "rural disorganization."

New plantings will bring the amount of land under sugar back to 1961 levels by 1965, and heavy fall plantings now in progress will push up yields. Besides, Cuba has been blessed with adequate rains this year and prospects for 1964 are encouraging. For these reasons — in the absence of *any* improvement in the organization of sugar production — next year's harvest should reach 4.3 or 4.4 million tons. Production should climb above the 5.5 million-ton mark by 1965.

There is every reason to believe, moreover, that next year's harvest will be more efficiently organized than harvests in the past. The government's new sugar policy has been in the wind for a number of months, and the newspapers, union and factory assemblies, and INRA directives have been placing a new and unfamiliar emphasis on the sugar industry. A campaign aimed at double and triple weeding of the cane fields was in full swing during the summer; this will bring up yields and ease the shortage of harvest workers (cane cutters prefer to work in high-yield fields where they can earn higher daily wages). Elsewhere plans have been made to guarantee the private growers and state cane farms harvest labor by rationalizing the wage payments system and improving the volunteer labor program. What is more, hundreds of mechanical cane cutters and 1500 loaders will be on hand to speed up deliveries to the mills.

Sugar is also receiving more attention on the level of national planning: Cuba's leading paper, *Hoy*, recently published a scheme for programing the harvest. The paper has also taken the initiative by encouraging mills and farms to exchange technical delegations. Appearing in a recent number of *Cuba Socialista*, the monthly theoretical organ of the new party, a first-rate study by two Soviet technicians laid down a basis for economizing sugar labor by analyzing labor needs for various crops during different seasons of the year. And a movement is afoot to consolidate the agricultural and industrial operations of the sugar industry under one administrative head (at present the Ministry of Industries runs the mills and INRA administers the state

James O'Connor, an American economist, spent August in Cuba; it was his third trip since the Castro regime came to power. He is presently completing a book on the political economy of Cuba.

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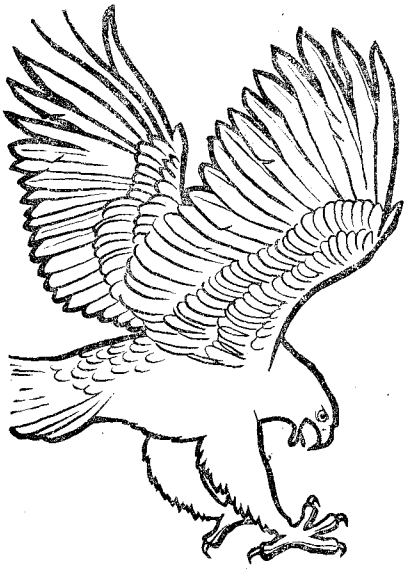
and morale of all 600 moose by giving them, so to speak, physical examinations. Possibly the wolves also diagnosed the prey's condition by smelling its droppings. Had they been in government pay, they would have notified the National Park Service that that moose was sick and ought to be destroyed. Unequipped to do the first, they were in a position to accomplish the second. Their killing of calves may be interpreted as a criticism of the parents, somewhat like the jailing of a juvenile delinquent, though more drastic.

The Isle Royale story has only a scientific relevance, since the gray or timber wolf is extinct in the forty-eight states, except for a few packs in northern Minnesota, and a few individuals in Michigan and Wisconsin. The red wolf, a smaller species that hunts the same prey as the coyote, survives in the area around Arkansas. Alaska still has a very large, nearly black, wolf. A bounty-war on the Alaskan wolf led directly to the decadence and decimation of the vast herds of woodland caribous by disease. When wolves kept the Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep to the higher slopes, the sheep prospered; without the wolves, the bighorns have gone into a decline.

Biologists have long been agreed on the value of predators. Between spring and late summer, the animal population is multiplied, by breeding, five to ten times. Their total survival would destroy the food supply. The hazards of life normally reduce them to about the same numbers as those of the preceding spring. This especially refers to rabbits, mice, ducks, quails, frogs and, of course, insects; but it is a generally universal law. The predators take the less efficient individuals, and thus benefit the prey species. When the prey population sinks to a certain low, it has been observed, the predators can catch no more, for these survivors are the best and smartest of the species and can find ample cover in the habitat.

The predators are not as quick to respond to population challenges as the prey species. Eagles have only two young a year, hawks two to four, cougars two, lynxes, three, badgers two, wolverines two, fishers three, weasels and minks about six, bears one or two, foxes and all



the wolves about five. When a famine situation occurs, the predators stop breeding until the prey rebounds. If Congressmen at this point decree that the predator must be exterminated, it is likely to become extinct—as the timber or gray wolf has become in most of the United States. The fact is that predators are far more liable to extinction than are the animals on which they prey.

Man has already destroyed off the face of the earth the Japanese wolf, the antarctic wolf (Falkland Islands), Barbary lion, Cape lion, Atlas bear, Florida and Newfoundland wolf, Eastern cougar, and sixteen sub-species of grizzly bear. In this country, at least eight varieties of predators are in serious danger of becoming extinct.

And now we introduce into the natural world a new character, a low-grade man raising low-grade animals on low-grade herbage, in the eleven Western states and also Texas. The basis of the whole ecology is the vegetation: everything depends on that. If the game animals overpopulate the habitat and overconsume the vegetation, everything goes. The dry, short-grass plains of the West cannot support great herds of grazing sheep and cattle, but a hit-and-run rancher can make a quick profit by defying the natural law. His herds will have a high percentage of sick animals.

The natural law orders the predators to move in and correct the ruinous situation. Those that remained—the coyotes, red wolves, eagles—obeyed God's command and moved in, but of course could not do the job. But even these feeble efforts to keep the herds healthy raised the hackles of the sheepmen and cattlemen. They objected to any scientific study of the losses to predators, such as we have seen on Isle Royale National Park. They preferred to invent such a moonbeam statistic as that predators cost the sheep rancher $1 a year per breeding ewe. Multiply by number of ewes, and you have a fine round figure for propaganda uses. If three steers out of a herd of 300 were lost in any way, this was charged to predators at the rate of one per cent, and we have another manipulable figure. This fanciful bill is hung around the neck of the coyote, which would be terrified of any healthy steer.

It should be noted that the younger, better educated and more competent breed of ranchers do not use or need such alibis for their troubles. For example, the ranchers in northwest Colorado actually protect the coyote and bar the government poisoners and trappers from their range. The coyote, they seem to understand, functions largely as a garbage-disposal system. But to understand this requires some intelligence and magnanimity, not given to the old breed of rancher.

Man is himself the official and legal predator on man-owned herds and does not want any competitive predators. The trouble is that he is an indiscriminate and unsympathetic predator. As we have seen, the wolves on Isle Royale knew more about the physical condition of every moose on the island than any human being could possibly have known. They were highly selective in their predation and actually benefited the herd. In short, they knew what they were doing, as man does not.

However, these marginal ranchers raising marginal animals on marginal land have an astonishing influence on Congress, and especially on Western Senators. Their propaganda too is marginal, if not outright lies, and it reaches the high command of government. In 1962, an Assistant Secretary of the Interior wrote Senator Maurine B. Neuberger (D., Ore.) that the American Society of Mammalogists "supported the work of the Bureau," i.e., predator control. But this so-

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ciety has repeatedly urged the U.S. Biological Survey to restrict its use of poison and to cease and desist from misleading propaganda against predators.

Coyote "control" had in fact been reduced, since the sheep in the eleven Western states have decreased since 1942 from 22 million to half that.

In 1956, federal funds for predator and rodent control were down to $969,500. In 1957, an increase of $40,000 was asked for. Suddenly sixteen Western Congressmen descended on the House Appropriations Committee asking for much more money for the control of predators on sheep. The increase was raised to $290,000, though the director of the Fish and Wildlife Service said that he did not know what he could do with the money. The comedy continued in the Senate. Former Senator Malone of Nevada, evidently speaking for sheepmen, read a long statement claiming that what was good for sheepmen was good for cattlemen and all agriculture everywhere. The director was again "doubtful" that the extra money could be used, but his eager subordinates, on reflection, produced a report that "The Fish and Wildlife Service can very effectively use an increase of $1,000,000 for the control of predatory animals and injurious rodents." The result was an appropriation of $1,751,000; since then it has climbed to $2,506,000 which, with cooperative contributions, amounts to $6,206,000, and as of 1962, 675 government hunters and trappers.

In money terms, this is not much today; in terms of mistaken killing and damage to the ecology, it is stupid and may be disastrous. What is evident, and has often been reported, is a conspiracy between the Western sheepmen and the Congress, with accessories in the Bureau of the Budget and the appropriations committees. The whole record is filled with half-perjuries, outright misquotations and perversions of the knowledge currently accepted by biologists.

Bounties are paid for carcasses of predators by states, counties and townships, as well as by the national government, and the bounty system is not on the decrease; it has spread from twenty-seven to thirty-three states since 1950. Of the thirty-three species of mammals, birds and reptiles bountied in 1960, the leaders are the fox, coyote and bobcat; red-fox bounties amount to an estimated $1,000,000 in the United States and Canada. In one place or another bounties are paid for seals, crows, magpies, bluejays, blackbirds, all hawks and owls, ground squirrels, woodchucks, raccoons, badgers, weasels, cougars and the magnificent golden eagle.

The last-named has been put on the protected list by the present Administration, yet it is in the worst trouble of all. In all North America, there are probably about 5,000 breeding pairs of golden eagles, a bird with a 7½-foot wingspread and weighing from seven to thirteen pounds. They can lift half their weight, or from four to six pounds; that is, they could not lift a live and kicking lamb. Yet this is the charge against them.

A classic situation of disaster has developed, the opposite of that on Isle Royale National Park. One can observe the situation from the train window while passing through the Big Bend area of western Texas. During the winter, which is lambing time, the rainfall is at nearly zero. Consequently one sees something resembling a herd of sheep, but they are small, scrawny animals, obviously subject to disease and likely to produce a plurality of stillborn lambs. These last would be the natural food of the golden eagle, which does not object to carrion.

And so the marginal sheepmen use light, two-seater planes and 12-gauge shotguns to massacre all the golden eagles they can find. On these terms, no eagle, once sighted, ever escapes. One such pilot claims to have killed a thousand eagles in a year; another probably killed thirty-eight in a day; the annual total in the Big Bend area is perhaps close to 2,000. And these are wintering birds from all the mountain areas of North America, from New England and northern New York State, the Appalachians and the Rockies, funneling into the death-trap in the miserable barrens of West Texas.

In the tight, land-poor community, it is nearly impossible for the government wardens to catch the lawbreakers, and probably impossible to convict them in the local courts. Meanwhile, our population of 10,000 golden eagles progressively fail to return to their summer homes, having died to satisfy the peculiar virility of perhaps a hundred men in West Texas.

For people who have visited the area say the Texas war on eagles is glandular. The ranchers' predecessors could blame their troubles on Indians and Mexicans and wolves and mountain lions; these poor devils, having nothing to fight except the golden eagle, are still blazing away in a fantasy Alamo.

Top-Secret Mania . . . Leonard A. Stevens

Several months ago, a Minneapolis scientist applied in Washington for a patent on an earth-orbiting telescope that might help test one of the Einstein theories. The United States Patent Office responded by notifying the Minnesotan that his telescope had just been classified a U. S. military secret by a group of Defense officials who had reviewed his plans. The news startled the scientist: he had recently returned from Stockholm where a large international conference, including eight Russian scientists, had heard him explain the device. And months before that he had described it in a scientific paper which was now being published in a widely circulated journal.

Nevertheless, the telescope remained a "military secret" for the next five months and no U. S. citizen, including the inventor, could speak of it without risking a $10,000 fine or two years in prison. Meanwhile, foreign scientists, in-

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cluding the Russians, were free to do what they wanted with the idea.

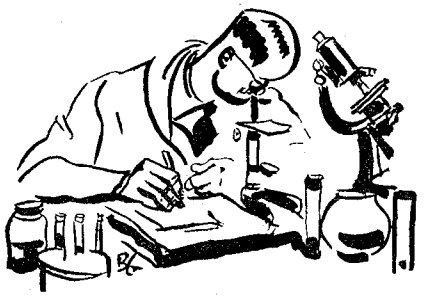
This scientist's plans had been temporarily snatched from him by the strange and unmanageable government information restrictions which lie, like the bulk of an iceberg, below the surface of such comparatively minor flare-ups as the recent to-do about "news management." The scientist had encountered the most notorious area of these restrictions, the Department of Defense's Security Classification System, which for years has been dropping secrecy curtains on more information per day than could be condensed and crowded into all of the nation's news columns and magazine pages. The system's most serious damage is not inflicted upon the press, whose members probably could, if they would, fight back effectively, but upon science and scientists. Indeed, if the press were effectively pursuing the secrecy problem, it would thoroughly investigate the restrictions being imposed upon the free flow of scientific information.

Behind the restrictions lie the authority and classification procedures set forth in Executive Order 10501, dated Nov. 5, 1953. The order was issued and applied by President Eisenhower and is now retained with minor changes by the Kennedy Administration. Security Classification as defined in 10501 has been described by a Congressional committee as a "catch-all system permitting scores of Government agencies and more than a million Government employees to stamp permanent security designations on all kinds of documents. . . ."

But 10501 is most notorious because of its omissions. While the directive threatens severe penalties to those who fail to use secrecy for the abstract purposes of national security, it says nothing about punishing those who misuse secrecy to cover up errors, waste, inefficiency and more serious offenses. The order offers no effective way for a person to appeal the application of secrecy when he feels it is wrong. And 10501, while dealing primarily with the mechanics of *how* to apply secrecy, neglects a more significant question: *"Why* should it be applied?"

The Executive Order provides that "vital" information can be designated "Confidential," "Secret" or "Top Secret"; the classification is usually imposed by a military officer or authorized civilian using a rubber stamp. To see a classified document, a person must be "cleared" for its level of secrecy. A clearance, especially for Top Secret, may require months of extensive investigation by the FBI. And then a clearance isn't good indefinitely; the military doesn't seem to consider trustworthiness a lasting trait. If a man leaves his defense work, his clearance soon expires; should he return to a classified assignment, another investigation is required.

The rigid application of security-clearance rules often produces ludicrous results. In a West Coast aerospace industry, a young engineer recently designed a valve for a rocket, and was therefore surprised one day to find his plans withheld from him. They had been stamped Secret and he had only a confidential clearance. The best part of a week was wasted while a rush effort was made to elevate the engineer to a Secret clearance so that he could again work with his own ideas.



"Confidential" men must not be found in areas designated as Secret or Top Secret. If a "Secret" man is told to work alongside a "Confidential" man, the mind of the man with the higher clearance must click like a computer, rejecting Secret material from his vocal cords and releasing only Confidential and unclassified matter. These problems of clearance often produce a caste system in which "Secret" men travel only with "Secret" men, and so on.

Superimposed upon the complexities of security clearance is another condition that must be observed before a person can legally have access to a classified subject. The military calls it "need-to-know." The term's definition is fuzzy, but in general it seems to say that a person, even though he's thoroughly cleared at the correct level of secrecy, must prove that he needs to know any classified information which he might wish to see outside his own immediate area of work. Of all the facets of security clearance, this is often the most irritating to scientists working on defense projects. It makes suspect one of the most important traits of all great scientists, *curiosity*, and the very idea of need-to-know is illogical to a researcher who, above all else, has learned that he should scrupulously explore every possible avenue of information when seeking the answer to a scientific problem. If he attempts to do so in classified work, he finds himself in the ridiculous position of first having to explain to the military administrators of secrecy how he knows that the fact he doesn't know is one that he needs to know.

The amount of information affected by these security-classification procedures is a mystery. A Pentagon survey in the mid-'50s produced a rough estimate to the effect that the classified U.S. documents locked in file drawers and safes around the globe would twice stuff the Pentagon from roof to foundation. Nearly all these amassed secrets were created during and after World War II, with the post-war annual rate of production showing a distinct rise. Currently, the military keeps no measure of the rate at which it generates classified material.

This missing information reflects 10501's avoidance of the whole matter of *why* material is classified. The reason for secrecy receives almost no central direction from the Department of Defense, nor does the parallel question of who shall apply it. The result is that thousands of widely scattered Army, Navy and Air Force officers (the Pentagon doesn't know exactly how many) are frequently forced to decide for themselves which military matters are vital enough in the defense of the United States to be classified. On a visit to the Pentagon several months ago, I was unable to find a single man, committee or office solely responsible for assessing the values or dangers of secrecy. Likewise, I was unable to learn of any policies guiding the mass of military officers who wield

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classification stamps around the globe. The lack of direction means that classification is an ill-defined, second- or third-ranking responsibility that few people want. At a large and important military laboratory that I visited in Washington, D.C., the officer in charge of classification was handling the job on a fill-in basis while completing the few remaining months of his enlistment as a fighter pilot.

Although such people acquire only vague notions of why something *should* be secret, they are well aware of the consequences if they allow free access to information that someone else later decides was a vital secret. One memorandum brought to my attention warned that the penalties ". . . range from heavy fines to 'shall be punished by death or imprisonment for any term of years or for life.'" When in doubt, prudent classifying officers will wield their stamps—unnecessary secrecy is not a punishable offense. And this understandable caution is a major reason why scientific subjects are especially susceptible to secrecy. To a non-scientific mind, science is filled with mysteries that may harbor potential military developments, so down goes the stamp.

To make matters worse, scientists have found that once their work is stamped Secret, with or without a valid reason, declassification is almost impossible. Before a Secret fact can be set free, one must know why it was originally classified. But the reason, if ever one existed, has often been obscured by the passage of time and/or the disappearance of the officer who did the stamping.

The prolonged and careless imposition of secrecy upon our science and technology has been the subject of warnings in recent years from our most eminent scientists. In recent months, Drs. J. Robert Oppenheimer and James Van Allen have both expressed concern about information restrictions. In 1959, the eighteen living American winners of the Nobel Prize in Science were asked by the late Senator Thomas C. Henning, Jr., to comment on secrecy; all but two indicated their dislike and distaste for it. Harvard's Dr. Percy W. Bridgman (1946 winner in physics, who has refused to work under government contracts because of their restrictions) stated:

> *Every scientist with whom I am acquainted regards any restrictions of secrecy imposed on him with regard to the communication of scientific results with utmost distaste. Complete freedom is the essence of true science. It is unthinkable that a scientist would recognize any limitations in the technical means that he would adopt to solve his problem.*

Dr. Edward Teller, who continually works in classified areas, has written:

> *Secrecy has become a relatively unimportant weapon in our military arsenal. Increasing openness, on the other hand, could be a great source of strength in our battle for the minds and hearts of people on both sides of the Iron Curtain.*

Secrecy has made some of our best-known educational institutions reluctant to accept undercover research projects sponsored by the government. Since the late 1940s, Harvard has rejected all such work (with one minor exception during the Korean conflict). In schools that do accept the contracts, government-sponsored "secret campuses" have not always been compatible with traditional academic freedom. Such trouble erupted at Johns Hopkins University a couple of years ago, when the Maryland institution and its clandestine Operations Research Office suddenly ended twelve years of Army service in what *The New York Times* reported as an atmosphere of mutual recriminations over "freedom of research, breaches of security and withholding of funds."

Secrecy forces scientific studies into uncoordinated compartments where one project cannot benefit from the work done on another; overt research is cut off from the findings of classified studies, and undercover scientists, who are often forbidden even to mention the subject of their work, lack freedom to explore pertinent overt information. One result is wasteful duplication and frustration.

A few years ago, as a case in point, Dr. Philip M. Morse of M.I.T. published a scientific paper on what is called the "waiting-line" theory, which might be applied usefully to speeding up aircraft landings at a busy airport. But after publication, Dr. Morse found himself in an embarrassing predicament: a Dr. Bernard Koopman of Columbia University had reached much the same conclusions in a secret wartime project. Consulting Dr. Koopman, Dr. Morse found that the research was still considered a military secret and that its declassification would be complicated because the paper contained references to other secret research.

Then, too, "Secret" scientists must do their work without benefit of the widespread criticism which plays a vital role in normal research. Ordinarily, a scientist who has completed a study is expected to publish a paper in a journal where it will be seen and judged by his peers. The pressure to publish motivates scientists to work with care and integrity; it is missing in undercover research, where the main critics are military officers who usually lack scientific judgment. Our Nobel scientists and other eminent men have warned that this lack of valid critical pressure continually reduces the effectiveness of costly, publicly supported, secret research.

Of course, the nation's "Secret" scientists, with their unlimited funds and facilities, do produce a great many significant scientific results—which are immediately put under wraps. Ordinarily, students develop and carry on a body of learning, but in this situation they are prevented from doing so. In physics, for example, government-paid scientists, working in secret in a large New York university, developed an entirely new area of knowledge related to sound propagation. The scientists have told me of their concern about the work's future. Until recently only one graduate student had been permitted to enter the field; he was a military officer who held the proper clearance and "need-to-know" for viewing the subject.

The prevalence of such problems as are spawned by secrecy can hardly serve to attract the best scientists to federally supported research.

The curtailing of scientific and technical information has prevented public discussion of some of the most momentous and crucial issues ever to confront the nation. Last year our prolonged series of nuclear tests was begun on April 25, with hardly any serious debate in the press or in Congress. Editorially, *The New York Times* reluctantly accepted the Administra-

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tion's decision in the name of national security, while conceding that ". . . Nobody who is not privy to the secret scientific and military considerations that went into the decision can gainsay it." A letter to the *Times* took issue with the editors for their concession to secrecy. Carl Barus, an electrical engineer of Swarthmore, Pa., wrote: "It is sophistry to suggest that 'secret scientific and military considerations' determine a unique course of action necessary for our preservation. It amounts to saying that Big Brother knows best."

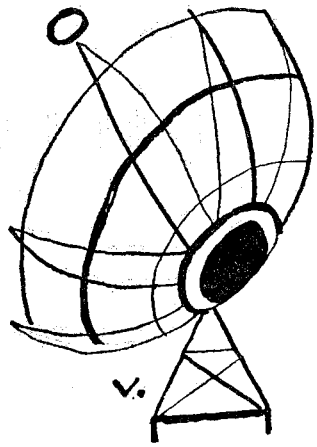
Many issues touching on science and technology normally offer grist for Congressional debate (for instance, our secret satellites, which led British journalists to charge that we hadn't learned the lesson of the U-2). But our Senators and Representatives seem stricken dumb by memoranda from the Pentagon, the Atomic Energy Commission and the White House, which explain that only the Administration's secret inner councils are privy to enough of the facts for proper consideration and debate.

Scientists who could understand and perhaps interpret complicated facts for laymen can hardly do so if secrecy prevents them from obtaining or publicizing the information. The nuclear fallout question is a prime example of how Americans, atomic experts included, can become thoroughly confused by the senseless administration of secrecy. Senator Stuart Symington has stated that secrecy in government stockpile-purchasing has cost the U.S. taxpayer hundreds of millions of dollars. Secrecy has fogged the subject of nuclear inspection and other issues closely tied to the development of a United States disarmament policy. In the Senate on March 7, Hubert Humphrey stated that secrecy prevented him from revealing a document showing "that the industrial leaders of 365 of the largest corporations of this country have demonstrated that we could enter into a disarmament agreement without any serious domestic economic impact."

There is, moreover, one overriding fact about hiding scientific information: *it doesn't work.* Science can't be kept secret, as Dr. Warren Weaver of the Sloan-Kettering Institute explained:

We forget that science results not from a conversation between two human beings, but from a conversation between a human being and Nature. And the interesting thing is that you can't shut Nature up. Nature talks to the Russians. Nature talks to everybody. It talks perfectly freely to them. And we know perfectly well by this time that the Russians are very smart. . . .

When Russia surprised us with an atomic explosion in 1949, spies like Klaus Fuchs were blamed for "stealing" our secret. But it wasn't our secret in the first place; two Germans discovered nuclear fission prior to World War II. It entered



few minds that Russian scientists, all on their own, could adapt that discovery to the building of the new weapon. Spies may have helped, but we now know that espionage alone could not have accounted for the Russian achievement.

The self-deception of secret science was frequently considered in extensive hearings held in the late 1950s by California's Congressman, John E. Moss. As Chairman of the House Special Subcommittee on Government Information, Moss and his colleagues heard many U.S. leaders in science and technology challenge the concept that says "secrecy is security." Scientific secrecy cannot produce security, they said. Science, if it can possibly bring us security, is likely to do so through the superiority that comes from healthy scientific progress, the very thing that secrecy endangers.

When the classification of nuclear information was carefully studied at the AEC in recent years, secrecy, it was found, could be drastically reduced. The commission formed a group of six scientists who now make security classification a major interest, and their considered approach to the problem reveals that information restriction can be reduced to a minimum number of areas related to weapons' applications. At the AEC classification office, emphasis is now placed on *what not to make secret.*

The U.S. Department of Defense has taken some steps in recent years to cope with the secrecy problem, but they can hardly be called effective. It has not been unusual for U.S. scientists to find the Russians freely printing and distributing technical data that we continue to hide. An incisive study of classification was conducted in 1956 by a Defense committee headed by Charles A. Coolidge, who concluded that the military establishment was so overloaded with secrets that nobody respected even the most important ones—an obvious fact in Washington, where the Pentagon is noted for "leaking" undercover facts.

The Coolidge committee report led to the forming of a new declassification office under Admiral John Hoskins. Five years later, the Admiral's program was completed and introduced. Mainly, it established a twelve-year time schedule for the automatic declassification of most undercover material. To most scientists, this long restrictive period hardly improved matters.

Moreover, all the recent fuss about declassification scarcely touches upon the central problem of federal secrecy: on what grounds do we classify in the first place? A valid study of this subject would undoubtedly lead to a major revision of Executive Order 10501. It would probably establish penalties for the misuse of secrecy, as well as for failure to use it when the situation warrants.

Once more the Department of Defense is studying secrecy. An eleven-man board of review was recently formed to consider the uses and misuses of security classification. The department has also established a new Scientific and Technical Information Program with a well-known information scientist, Walter M. Carlson, as director. If these people can take an objective nonmilitary look at secrecy, they are likely to rediscover that it is not at all a source of security. To the contrary, it is a serious drag upon a country that can still find its greatest strength as an open society.

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How Sincere Is Art?

LITERATURE AND SINCERITY. By Henri Peyre. Yale University Press. 362 pp. $6.75.

Vivian Mercier

Henri Peyre has certainly written a pioneering book, for — incredible as it seems — he has not found a single book in English on sincerity to list in his bibliography. Yet the word seems to crop up whenever and wherever literature is discussed. The college freshman, in particular, seems to have only two standards by which to measure literature: "Is it true-to-life?" and "Is the author sincere?" A conscientious undergraduate teacher spends a good deal of his time beseeching the student to define these terms rigorously; the next stage, for me at any rate, consists mainly of questioning their validity as criteria. Truth-to-life is a late-nineteenth-century version of the Classical doctrine of art as imitation, while the demand for sincerity is a legacy from the Romantic period and ultimately from Rousseau. As long as the student feels that what he is reading is true-to-life — that is, compatible with his own experience — he does not worry whether the author believes in what he is writing. Sooner or later, however, the student becomes aware of emotional attitudes and, probably, value judgments in the work; if he doesn't share these, and sometimes even if he does, he raises the issue of sincerity.

This preoccupation with sincerity is by no means confined to literature. In my generation, those of us who cared for jazz were deeply concerned about sincerity. Louis Armstrong must "really" feel all the emotions that his blue notes suggested to us or we would write him off as "commercial." How we were supposed to penetrate Armstrong's psyche never gave us pause. I remember how shocked I was, the first time I saw one of my favorite performers in a New York night club, to observe that he kept looking at his watch while on the stand. At once he ceased to be an artist for me and became a hired hack. No doubt "real jazz" still existed in the jam sessions where musicians were alleged to play purely for their own satisfaction, but how could I gain admittance to one of those? Slowly it dawned on me that the old records which had inspired my love of jazz in the first place were produced in paid recording sessions and sold by commercial companies.

To some extent I replaced the notion of sincerity with that of "authenticity," which has become such a fetish with the more high-brow fanciers of folk music today. In my day authenticity was apt to mean washboard percussion, out-of-tune pianos and the "dirtiest" possible wind-instrument tone. The trouble with this criterion is that it imprisons both performer and listener within a tradition, permitting absolutely no innovation; it offers no guide to those who espouse third-stream music, for example, and they soon find themselves falling back on that indefinable and non-measurable element, sincerity.

In the visual arts, once representation — for which truth-to-life will always be some sort of criterion — is abandoned in favor of abstraction, especially abstract expressionism, the traditionalists begin accusing the painter of playing a joke on the public; his supporters are then almost forced to defend him by insisting that he is sincere. True, Picasso has repudiated sincerity, as Peyre reminds us, but the argument still goes on about most other *avant-garde* painters and sculptors.

Sincerity, then, is a burning issue in the other arts, and the existentialists have made it so once more in literature. Paradoxically, they have done this by in theory eliminating the problem: since for them it is a man's acts which count, not his emotional attitudes or his value judgments, reports of the latter two can be eliminated from literature altogether. All well and good, but the writing of a book is itself an act; perhaps this means that all books are sincere? At any rate, existentialism should have eliminated the dangerous confusion between ethics and aesthetics which underlies the whole question of sincerity in literature. Sincerity is an ethical quality; therefore, in my view, the sincerity or insincerity of an author cannot be a valid criterion for the aesthetic worth of his work. As Picasso has said, "Most artists are sincere anyway and most art is bad. . . . " Nevertheless, Alain Robbe-Grillet has come along after the existentialists to confuse the issue hopelessly once more by insisting, if I understand him correctly, that descriptions of *things* in novels are sincere — or at least authentic — whereas character analyses of *people* are not. Sincerity is thus still a live issue for the New Novelists in France.

Merely by provoking such speculation, Professor Peyre has done a useful job, but now I have a disappointment to record: considering both subject and author, I had expected this to be a more readable and important book than it turns out to be. Perhaps the primary weakness lies in Professor Peyre's refusal to take a firm stand on whether there is a logical confusion in all discussions of literary sincerity. He often amuses himself at the expense of the muddle-headed apostles of sincerity, yet he seems to conclude that they have some truth on their side. In his final paragraph he straddles the fence: literature "is an art, but one which should never become divorced from life or be refined over in critical disquisitions. . . . It has a content, and that content should be ambitiously audacious, rich, and *lived by writers with intensity.* . . ." The words that I have italicized seem to me to beg the whole question. Did Shakespeare live the content of his plays, with or without intensity? Did he live his everyday life as intensely as Marlowe or Sidney or thousands more of his contemporaries? I don't believe it, and I have sufficient respect for Peyre's intelligence to assume that he doesn't believe it either.

The confusion about sincerity, of course, need in no way invalidate the book. Even if it is totally irrelevant to aesthetics, the fact remains that a great number of writers, especially since 1800, have been deeply concerned with their own sincerity, whatever they meant by that term. A literary critic or historian has a perfect right to establish the different meanings given to "sincerity" and to describe the varied effects that its pursuit has had upon authors. But the

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almost purely chronological arrangement that Peyre has adopted seems to me to have seriously weakened his presentation. The fatal temptation for the literary historian, especially one as erudite as Professor Peyre, is inclusiveness. In French, at least, he has read everything that is even remotely relevant to his topic, and he cannot resist giving us the fruits of his reading. To my mind, fifty pages of historical survey, sketching the broad outlines of the subject from Roman times — when virtually nobody cared about sincerity — to the present day, would have been ample. The remainder of the book could then have dealt with the various definitions of sincerity, some of which are adhered to in most eras, while others find favor only at one specific period. The table of contents of Peyre's last chapter contains at least some of the vital subject headings:

> Sincerity through the avoidance of ornaments and of effects, the distrust of style. . . .
> Sincerity as spontaneity, as the deliberate obliteration of what was acquired through education. . . .
> Sincerity as a refusal of logic and consistency. . . .
> Sincerity conceived as the need to have lived one's work, as identification between the man and the artist. . . .

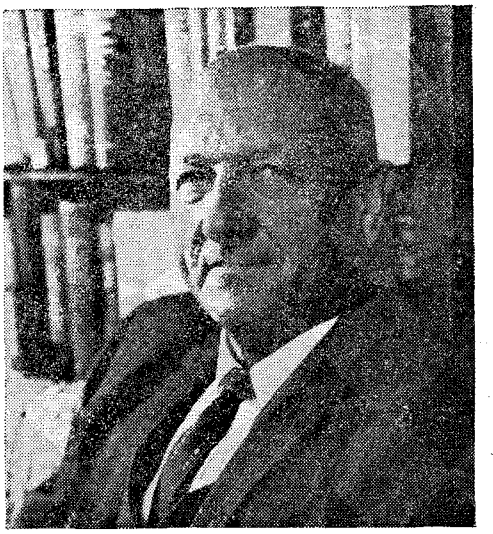
Nobody could quarrel with this analysis, as far as it goes, though the second and third headings do tend to merge, but there are to my mind at least two definitions absent. The first is "Sincerity as irony." I find it fantastic that someone who knows English literature as well as Peyre does should write a whole book on sincerity without once mentioning Swift. There is no writer more utterly sincere — ethically speaking, of course — than Swift at his most ironic. We can be sure that Peyre is too intelligent to fall into the trap described by I. A. Richards as "the conclusion that irony, for example — where the feeling really present is often the exact contrary to that overtly professed — is as insincere as simple readers often suppose it must be." Why, then, this oversight?

Akin to irony-as-sincerity is the sincerity inherent in satirical exposure of another's insincerity — or one's own. Such is the sincerity of Molière's *Tartuffe*, which Peyre naturally does not overlook when his chronological method brings him to the seventeenth century. Elsewhere he is not so alert: while remarking on the dubious sin-

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

speaks out on

Change, Hope, and The Bomb



Stepping none too gently on some of the most sensitive toes in Washington, the first Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission discusses disarmament, peaceful uses of the atom, and the future of the AEC.

Mr. Lilienthal's main concern is that we should begin to view atomic energy in its proper perspective. He argues, convincingly and constructively, that the hysteria surrounding our current preoccupation with atomic weapons distracts us from the positive steps we should be taking to build a saner, more stable world.

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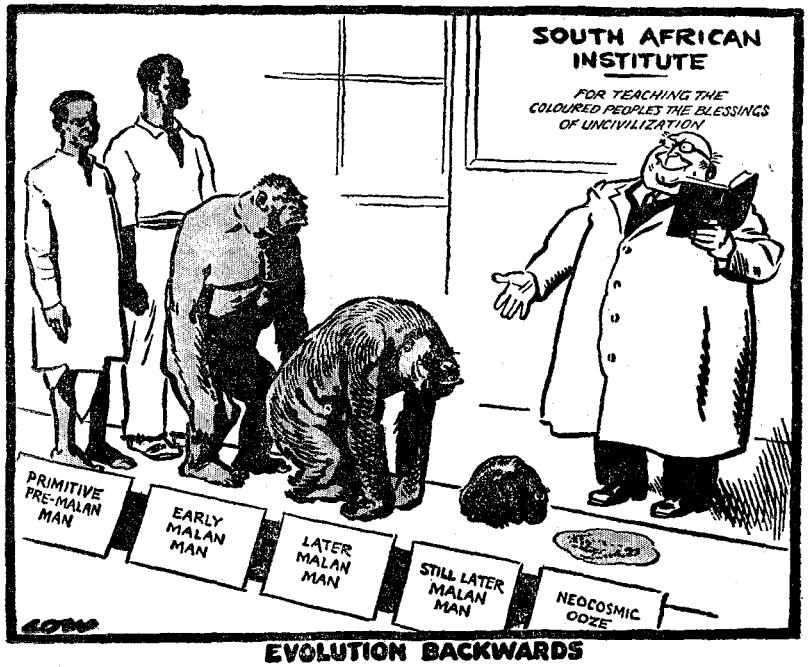
David Low: 1891-1963

For several years, beginning in 1948, The Nation *was the official publication in the United States for the political cartoons of David Low. As a memorial to Low's insight into the intractable problems of this century, we reprint here one that appeared in the issue of November 18, 1950.*—EDITORS.



EVOLUTION BACKWARDS

London Daily Herald

cerity of Jules Renard's *Journal,* he ignores the hilarious exposure of a pseudo-literary sponger — doubtless in part a self-portrait — in Renard's novel *L'Ecornifleur.*

A further objection to Peyre's scheme is that it allows no space for close textual analysis. The best pages in English on literary sincerity — Peyre must have missed them — are surely those in I. A. Richards' *Practical Criticism* from which I have already given a quotation. These were directly prompted by close analysis of thirteen carefully selected poems which Richards set before his students without indication of author or date, as well as by his study of the students' written analyses of the poems. With the help of Confucius, Richards tries to produce a definition of sincerity which will cover both ethics and aesthetics. Obviously, I don't think he succeeds, but the effort is a noble one.

One final criticism: Peyre never meets, head-on, the challenge of Freud — in fact, he mentions the man only twice. The possibility that all our conscious statements are rationalizations and that our true motives can remain forever hidden in our unconscious gives a whole new dimension to discussions of sincerity. Can anyone who, like myself or Professor Peyre, has never been psychoanalyzed be sincere in any meaningful sense? As a direct result of Freud's impact, the surrealists undertook the pursuit of sincerity by other means: since their conscious minds were suspect, they would express only their unconscious. This program may have resulted in some of the most insincere writing ever perpetrated — but how to prove it?

The Happy Time

JAMES GIBBONS HUNEKER: Critic of the Seven Arts. By Arnold T. Schwab. Stanford University Press. 384 pp. $8.25.

Harold Clurman

Unless they be specialists in American arts and letters, very few people under fifty have read or even heard of James Gibbons Huneker. Yet when Huneker died in 1921 at the age of sixty-eight, George Jean Nathan, like Mencken a "disciple," composed a eulogy which spoke of Huneker as "the greatest of American critics, our foremost cultural figure."

Allowing for the exaggeration customary on such occasions, it is still a fact that by 1907 Huneker had become the music, drama and art critic of the New York *Sun* (as well as other journals), that he had written pioneer pieces on what was then ultra-modern music, on still controversial or virtually unknown European dramatists, on "outlandish" novelists, painters and poets. These, together with two biographies, some short stories, a novel and an autobiography, finally came to a total of twenty volumes. Today only *Ivory, Apes and Peacocks,* originally published in 1915, has been reprinted.

If a capsule summation of Huneker's contribution were sufficient, we might call him as others have done, "Europe's artistic ambassador to the United States," except that it might be more accurate to say that Huneker, born in Philadelphia, was America's self-appointed envoy to Europe. As Arnold Schwab's new and only full-scale biography of Huneker puts it, "His ingratiating personality and style captivated so many readers for so long that he was able to acquaint more Americans with European literature [and other arts] than any other critic of his time." To this we might append lines from a review by Edmund Wilson which describes Huneker's letters as "floral bombs . . . close packed rockets of fireworks." More significantly, Wilson concludes, "If the sparks faded . . . and left no fixed stars in the firmament, it was not that the fiery beauty had left no colors in our hearts."

Huneker's work evokes an era as well as a personality. Schwab's biography—modest, straightforward, intelligent, detailed—documents that era delightfully and truthfully. We Americans, who are prone to blot out each day in expectation of the next, thereby suffer a failure of pleasure, knowledge and wisdom. We even fail to live fully in the present because we so rarely take pains to preserve our past. Schwab's biography of Huneker is valuable as a reminder of a happy time in the development of our cultural life.

It was a happy time because it was a time of confident rebellion. The bright morning of American literature darkened after 1860. The Gilded Age (1870-1900) was on the whole an age of artistic mediocrity. The purest and most powerful voices were for the greater part either silenced or unattended. Authority in artistic circles was constricted by the tenets of a silly Puritanism. (*Huckleberry Finn* was

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welcomed as a kid's book.) The public most steadily appealed to was an audience of proper ladies. Beneath the surface lurked the never wholly absent dissidents who upheld the nobler tradition, men who were to bring fresh blood and sinew to it. "In America," Huneker wrote in 1906, "the eradication of the Puritan microbe will be no easy task, taught as we are in our arid schools and universities that the entire man ends at his collar bone."

So Huneker, whose first book appeared in 1899, dared in 1905 to say of George Moore's *Memoirs of My Dead Life* that it is "a shocking book and its present reviewer delights in the statement"; and of Whitman that he was "a gay old pagan who never called a sin a sin when it was a pleasure." In 1908, Huneker espoused the cause of the "ashcan" (American realist) school of painters as well as of Arthur Davies, who was a mystic. Huneker extolled or aroused interest in Nietzsche, Huysmans, Strindberg, Maurice Barrès, Rémy de Gourmont, Edvard Munch, Conrad, Cézanne, Wedekind and Henry James at a time when these men were either scorned or ignored in American journalism. Who beside Huneker could speak or had even heard (except in the "underground") of Villiers de L'Isle Adam, Rimbaud and Laforgue? Who among us in 1915 would have taken notice of Arnold Schoenberg? Though Huneker disliked and feared him, he harbored the suspicion "that in time I might be persuaded to like this music, to embrace, after abhorring it." In any case he could foresee that the "old tonal order had changed forever . . ." that "the tyranny of the diatonic and chromatic scales . . . were of the past."

Huneker had an enormous appetite for all of the arts. Some of his long lists of exotic artists sound like items of a menu. He was both gourmand and gourmet. He swallowed and digested all. But he was not without discrimination and for all his voracious enthusiasm possessed considerable critical insight. He had an infectious exuberance. When he spoke of an unfamiliar artist he made you want to run and look, absorb the new sound and sight of him. The very titles of Huneker's books are glamorous: *Melomaniacs, Egoists, Iconoclasts, Visionaries, The Pathos of Distance, Unicorns, Bedouins.*

There was a Bacchic fervor about him. His frequent references to the joyous and unremitting consumption of Pilsner, his indulgence in a certain snobbery of the bottle, never become offensive because they are not signs of laxity or despair but the celebration of adventure in life and in the arts. He visited many cities—at home and abroad—and savored them as he might a delicious brew, a lovely poem, an exciting symphony. The subtitle to one of his volumes is "A Book of a Thousand and One Moments." Those moments were all the more glorious because he felt himself the herald of a better time and a gayer world than the one into which he had been born.

Without any thesis, social or political, with hardly any determined aesthetic doctrine ("convictions are prisons," he repeated after Nietzsche), Huneker had a sense of mission. It was to bring the glad tidings of colorful and brave human expression to those who still dwelled in the darkness of convention and timid taste. Because he knew himself to be "special" and in the forefront of a doughty group of "anarchs," whose destructiveness was life-enhancing, his work always had about it a triumphantly festive air. Everything becomes indifferent where anything goes, and immediate fanfare turns originality to routine—which is our situation today.

Huneker wrote only one extended

One Way

Oh hell, there once again hunger
Gets up in the middle of a meal and without
A word departs. I go after: what
Would I be without her?

It is

Night, I am
As old as pain and I have
No other story.
We do not keep to the telegraph lines.
"Is there a map for this?" I call
After. "Is there even
A name for this? I spend my
Life asking, is there even a name
For you?"

And what a starved path,
Licking stones; often
I am sure one side has eaten the other.
And with what bitterness I remember
I had not yet had my fill
Of dissatisfaction. My mouth
Works like a heart. More and more
I get like shadows; I find out
How they hate.

And then she is gone.

No astonishment anywhere. The owls
Are digesting in silence.
I will not look up again to learn again
That despair has no star.
Don't ask me why, I
Lift my feet in their dice boxes.
I believe I continue
As she would have done, I believe.

Don't ask me

Why: this time it is not I
Waking the birds. Somewhere
The light begins to come to itself.
As I walk, the horizon
Climbs down from its tree and moves toward me
With offerings. There
At the table which she has set with
The old plates, she is waiting, and to us
The day returns like a friend
Bringing others.

W. S. Merwin

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study—it was on Chopin. For the rest, apart from his fiction and autobiography, his work is made up of brief occasional articles, essays in exhilaration. He had a large, lively vocabulary peppered with exotic coinage: "puissant," "parvitude," "psychologue," "improvisator," "cyclus." He would call a poet "The Buffoon of the New Eternities," and write awkward and nearly meaningless phrases like "cosmogonies jostle evil farceurs." Often in his haste he praised the right people for the wrong reasons, and many of his judgments require the correction of more poised study.

Yet these are the vices of his virtue: that without lacking seriousness he reveled in art, that he was a hedonist of the intellectual life, that he had and imparted fun. So much of our criticism today is academically solemn, severe or sour, while the glossy critics are glib, frivolous, irresponsible, fashionable or just publicity punks. Huneker's laughing ecstasies bespeak the muscle, flesh and blood—the *love*—that was in him. We knew at once when we read Huneker that what attracted him was important.

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Flogging Congress

THE DEADLOCK OF DEMOCRACY: Four-Party Politics in America. By James MacGregor Burns. Prentice-Hall. 388 pp. $5.95.

Malcolm Moos

The real albatross that deadlocks American government, in Mr. Burns's judgment, is the Madisonian system of checks and balances, a doctrine deliberately contrived to prevent majority tyranny exercised through powerful executive leadership. This is the burden of his superbly written story.

The story begins with Madison's journey to Philadelphia in 1787 where he became the chief spear carrier for the key element of the federal Constitution, the system of checks and balances. It is an institutional arrangement, writes Burns, that has given us a four-party alignment. In a word, today's four parties which frustrate this happy Republic — the Roosevelt-Truman-Stevenson-Kennedy Presidential Democrats; the Willkie-Dewey-Eisenhower-Rockefeller Presidential Republicans; the John Garner-Howard Smith-Harry Byrd-John McClellan Congressional Democrats; the Allen Treadway-Robert Taft-Charles Halleck Congressional Republicans — are all the direct lineal descendants of the Madisonian model.

In both instances the Presidential wings are the more progressive and internationally minded, the Congressional contingents more conservative and isolationist. Thus Madison's handiwork, reincarnated in today's four-party system, "has provided flexibility, accessibility, and representativeness, at the expense of leadership, vigor, speed, and effective and comprehensive national action."

In contrast, the plan developed by Jefferson clearly promotes pursuit of the national purpose, because this system organizes power, not at the circumference but at the center, through a national party led by the President. The Madisonian model fragments power, "forces leaders to govern by coalition and compromise," while the Jeffersonian system enables Presidents to exercise vigorous topside control and govern far more effectively over the increasingly complex facts of our national economic and social life.

Essentially what Mr. Burns hopes to bring about is a new and drastic reign of truth in American politics—a rule where both parties can satisfy the intellectual's longing for logical, uncompromising purity and the people can regain control of their politics.

Mr. Burns is an activist, and decisively so. He has turned a few handsprings in politics himself as a delegate to national conventions and as a Democratic Congressional candidate who polled 45 per cent of the vote in a strongly Republican district, and these experiences help make his book crackle. He believes the nation is stalled on dead center, he wants a reformist New Frontier program written boldly across the face of the statute books, and he has a lengthy list of measures he believes will do the trick. It is a familiar catalogue including: a four-year term for House members (coincident with repeal of the two-term Presidential limit); abolishment of the seniority system; stronger national party organization; and more broadly based party financing (through dues-paying membership).

Almost two-thirds of his book is devoted to the historical evolution of the four-party system. Here Mr. Burns is the master of his materials. The paternity of the party system is handled with originality and a lively pen, and the large lines of party development are traced in a brilliant analysis.

It is only when we come to examine his list for a survival kit that some will have doubts as to whether Mr. Burns is always on firm, dry ground.

In overview, the most debatable of Mr. Burns's arguments is his assumption of diluted Presidential power — the belief that under present conditions the President simply cannot give firm leadership. A more accurate appraisal, even if overstated, is Senator Hubert Humphrey's humorous but carefully aimed blow in a speech to the Senate in January of 1961: "There is no greater force in human affairs than reason,

Malcolm Moos took a leave of absence in 1957 from Johns Hopkins, where he was professor of political science, to become a consultant to the White House and later a special assistant to President Eisenhower. He is the author and coauthor of many books dealing with the problems and practices of local and national government.

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logic, and truth, backed up by the President of the United States." In a strictly serious vein, Sidney Hyman, an astute, long-time observer of the Presidency, puts it even more bluntly: "We may be witnessing such a profound division of Congressional and Presidential power that in the future any Presidential incumbent, no matter how strong or weak he is, can prevail in a test of wills."

Only last spring, in another judgment closely related to the matter of Presidential influence. Senator McCarthy complained that "a single Presidential press conference gets more coverage than a whole week of what happens on the floor." And this occurred, he reports, when the Senate had at least a half-dozen critical issues on deck that needed public debate and didn't get it: foreign aid, medicare, reapportionment, aid to education, church and state, and the reasons for the failure at the Bay of Pigs. In an age when terms like missile nurseries and atlas consoles have crept into our vocabulary, no amount of brilliant brain-storming in the Executive branch can make the country safe and the world safe without the opportunity for the voice of dissent to be heard. Who can deny that when debate moves out of sight a good deal of high principle, without which the nation cannot be decently governed, is lost? Surely strengthening and lengthening the long arm of the Executive even more would seem to have one logical corollary: further shrinkage of debate and the prestige of the legislative branch.

The truth is that never in our history has the potential power of the Presidency been as great. That Mr. Kennedy has hoarded his popularity, held it in reserve for some future crisis, and refused to commit the full measure of his influence for legislation he feels not overwhelmingly popular or crucially important, is not to say that he cannot lead firmly if he chooses.

If some of the apportionment atrocities were banished, Mr. Kennedy might have an easier time of it, of course. But *Baker v. Carr*, which deals with the problems of equitable legislative apportionment, will soon work many changes in this direction, and one almost certain consequence of the decision and the subsequent court orders based upon it, is that it will bring to Congress legislators from both parties who have more than a nodding acquaintance with the great urban problems of our times.

At times, Mr. Burns seems overly intent on flogging Congress. It is not always the Congress that drags its feet. Arthur Schlesinger, Sr., tells us that the statute books under conservative President Taft "actually recorded greater victories for progressivism than had been won in the seven years of his predecessor, the first Roosevelt." And even the much-maligned 80th Congress, in the judgment of Herbert Agar, "helped save the world by the foreign policy it hammered out in collaboration with the Administration."

If we further weaken the criticism function of Congress through far greater enhancement of Presidential power, we do so at our peril. In his study of profiles in courage centering on legislators who bucked popular opinion in favor of expressing their own judgments on the critical issues of the hour, Mr. Kennedy made a significant discovery. These men appear especially during moments of greatest national stress. And it is precisely at such times, when public opinion may be less than fully informed, that the problem and peril are the greatest.

For this judgment, full marks for Mr. Kennedy as a political scientist!

FILMS

Robert Hatch

New York's first film festival, held last month at Lincoln Center, was a brilliant and not very bold success. Most of the pictures had already won their blue ribbons at European festivals, most of them are certain to be seen in the next few months on the art theatre circuit. The critics were, in fact, enjoined not to review the entries, lest notices take the edge off subsequent commercial openings; and the daily press therefore devoted itself to reviewing the audience (it laughed, it gasped, it squirmed). That is not a rewarding pursuit under the best of circumstances, and seemed to me peculiarly futile for an assemblage that was cumbersomely large, awed by its surroundings and, for that reason, perhaps, noticeably slow on the uptake.

However, I am grateful to the festival for showing me two pictures — *Love in the Suburbs* from Hungary and *An Autumn Afternoon* from Japan—which I suspect will not be distributed here. Neither one is a great movie, certainly neither breaks ground artistically or in subject matter. They are modest domestic dramas, deeply immersed in their own societies (which is one reason why an importer might hesitate to sponsor them), and they fascinated me in the way that Swedes and Italians, Poles, Turks and Hottentots have been fascinated for three generations by American run-of-the-mill, Susie loves the football captain, neighborhood features. It has long been an adage that, thanks to Hollywood, most foreigners know, or think they know, more about the domestic habits of the Americans than they do about those of inhabitants in the town beyond the next hill; it was a treat to receive some snapshots in exchange.

I can now report that the managerial class in Hungary—plant directors, engineers and their wives—are well-supplied with durable goods and acutely aware of the caste significance of dining-room suites (two-toned veneer), television sets, indirect lighting, glass partitions and domestic labor-saving devices. These products rather crowd their lives and are the more oppressive because designed in the assertive bad taste of the Sears, Roebuck luxury line (all American mail-order houses offer basic household equipment at "good," "better" and "de luxe" prices, and of these the cheapest is almost invariably the best looking).

When a Hungarian hostess invites a visiting lady into her kitchen, she dons a plastic apron, surely the most repellent garment ever invented by modern technology; a Hungarian housewife sets the table with a fanciness of gesture that suggests the Pond's ads have penetrated the Budapest mass magazines. Exchanges between the sexes appear to be sulkily erotic, drinking is heavy but shamefaced, conversation is banal (I overlooked the ludicrously inept subtitles and watched the faces) and husbands bring their work home with them, to the understandable dissatisfaction of their wives. In short, if one may hazard a guess from a single picture, Hungary today appears to be modeling itself on middle-class, small-city America of about 1938. That's a melancholy goal for a revolutionary society.

Across the world, life in Japan seems much brighter, and that despite the fact that the subject matter of *An Autumn Afternoon* is as least as bleak as that of the Hungarian entry. Japan is much more crowded than Hungary, but its people have style, and style gives an illusion of space

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(also of leisure, affluence and wit). I didn't need this picture to know that Japan is being Westernized, but I did learn from it that not all the Brooks Brothers suits, Scotch whisky and utility infielders that the Japanese imitative genius can supply will make Tokyo one whit less an Oriental city. The forms are different, the eye-level is different (except in factory offices there are still no chairs in Japanese life) and the regard for social proprieties is different. Change is of course in the air; I imagine that one of the most striking aspects of this picture to a Japanese audience is the gradations of behavior between the generation that was adult before the war and the one that has grown up since. The young couples do not display toward each other the elegant formality of their parents, though their manners would still make almost any Americans of similar age and background look like uneasy boors. But though the forms will be bent, I doubt that they will break: the Japanese are a sufficiently violent people (they too drink heavily, but with no slightest sense of shame) and they live in severe proximity to one another. The bows, the toasts, the small deferences, the carefully observed ceremonies, the studied courtesy, even the removal of shoes at every threshold — these not only give life a shape, they make it possible.

That is the sort of thing — quite aside from the dramas themselves, which, as requested, I shall not discuss — that you can get from local films of modest pretensions. You cannot get it from the great internationalists — the new wavers or absurdists — because they work in an *avant-garde* esperanto that is the native manner in chic circles from Calcutta to Seattle. I'd like to attend a festival at which every film was originally made for the neighborhood theatres in its home country — it is the way to see how the world looks.

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CUBA

(*Continued from page 214*)

crop and any significant expansion of exports. The island must direct its overall investment policy in favor of chemicals (for fertilizers and cattle feed), electrical power (bagasse, a sugar by-product, historically has been used for fuel in the sugar mills; the tendency at present is to utilize the material for paper and paper products and other manufactured goods), machinery repair, pumping equipment, and other items needed to bring up the production of sugar.

This line of reasoning has raised doubts in the minds of many Cubans and foreigners alike. They have noted that Cuba's new sugar policy coincided with Castro's visit to the Soviet Union earlier this year. They are aware that it was mainly Eastern European nationalism which thwarted Stalin's attempt to transform Russia's neighbors into raw material and mineral suppliers for Soviet industry. One Cuban administrator put the question this way: Is Cuba victimizing itself in the long run merely to escape a short-run dilemma?

It is much too early to advance a final answer. Any verdict on the new sugar policy must, however, take notice of a number of considerations.

First, it is not to the Soviet Union's advantage to confine Cuba to the role of sugar supplier for the Socialist camp. Present Soviet sugar stocks run well in excess of five million tons and, besides, the USSR itself is the world's largest sugar producer. It is to Cuba's advantage to expand her hard-currency sugar sales by underselling other suppliers, even if this involves leaving the International Sugar Agreement, which at present places a ceiling on the island's "free market" sales.

Second, to the degree to which Cuba does barter her sugar with the Socialist countries, she will be sealed off from fluctuations in the world market. The rhythm of development in other branches of the island's economy will not be interrupted—as has been the case time and again in the past—by a decline in sugar prices and, hence, the value of exports, except in the very broad sense that a future expansion of deliveries from the USSR apparently depends on Cuban success in rationalizing the industry.

Third, Cuba's soils will not yield eight million tons of sugar until far-reaching technical improvements are introduced in her mills and fields. These new techniques—cultivation practices, rational use of fertilizers, insecticides and irrigation methods and equipment, mechanical harvesting and deliveries to the mill—can and will be spread into other branches of the island's agriculture. Far from handicapping the revolution's diversification program—which continues to make slow headway—close attention to sugar can be put to good use elsewhere in the rural economy. This is true even on the rarified level of overall planning; programing the sugar harvest necessarily means—since the planting and harvesting seasons of sugar and many other crops overlap — programing other harvests as well. Sooner or later, scientific agriculture must be systematically introduced in Cuba; it may very well be correct to begin in the sugar fields, which stretch from one end of the island to the other, and in which tens of thousands of workers and peasants labor.

Cuba's new sugar policy will give some needed direction to her current investment policy; it will also create opportunities for new manufacturing investments and employment, not merely by enlarging the island's capacity to import, but by directly opening up new possibilities in the field of sugar by-products and ancillary industries. Sugar has almost as many commercially exploitable chemical properties as coal, and the practical applications of sugar chemistry lag far behind the theoretical possibilities, particularly in the field of plastics. It is in this respect that Cuba's new sugar policy may be ultimately vindicated.

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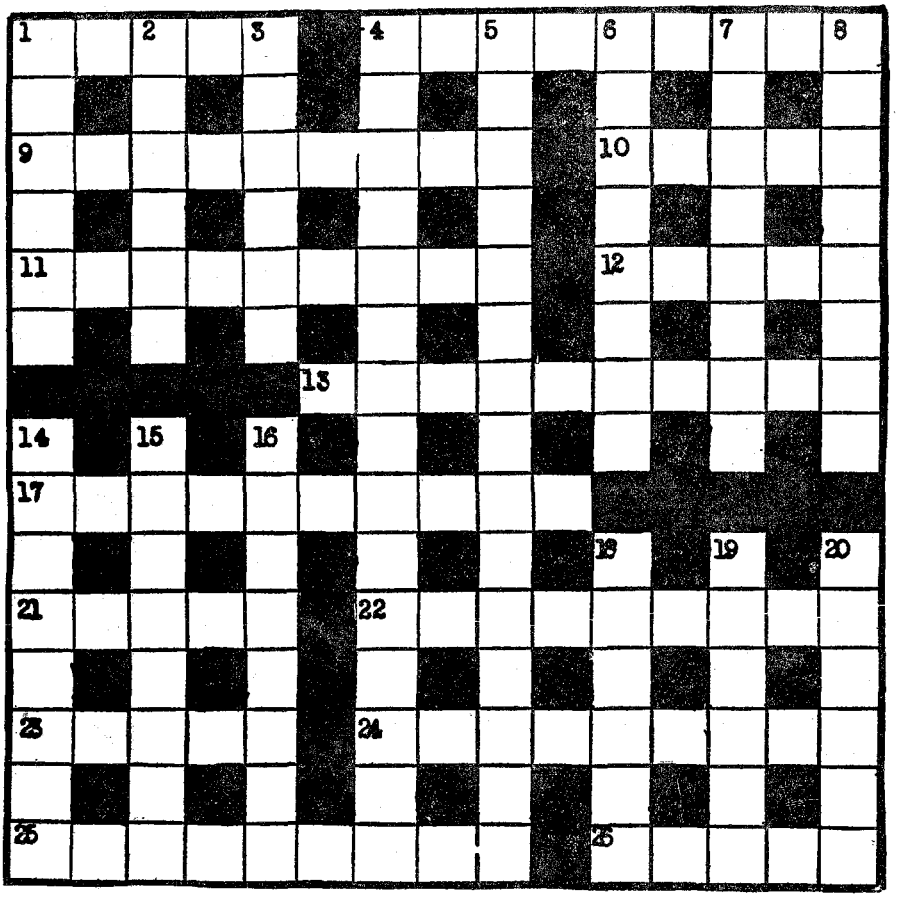
Crossword Puzzle No. 1027

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Evidently one of the girls gamed, and made it the hard way. (5)
4 If one of the Black Watch were, would he be 4 down? (6, 3)
9 Deal in advance with wood and everything. (9)
10 One is likely to need pull nowadays, though one might still make his mark. (5)
11 Gin and tonic and nothing more? The mixture is unknown! (9)
12 Incomprehensible language? (5)
13 One might look to see a lady get it in a rather excited manner. (10)
17 Walker didn't get very far with them. (10)
21 To picture this subject, just forget the true make-up of it. (5)
22 Where Burns lost his 23? (9)
23 One revolution of the earth? You may not want it to stop. (5)
24 Neatness, I find, you can get without understanding. (9)
25 The quality of some fabrics should go up and down very sharply. (9)
26 Odor that suggests copper? (5)

DOWN:

1 Where some women keep their hands in, as a matter of course? (6)
2 Type of current guide. (6)
3 Flag officer? (6)
4 Performing *con fuoco* is not recommended for one's security. (7, 4, 4)
5 Not necessarily prodigies, they probably become well-versed in early life. (15)
6 Manage the course like Henry of Portugal? (8)
7 Would such people stay out of trouble only if they had cold feet? (8)
8 One is supposed to do this in when checking out. (Their charges are relatively fixed for some time.) (8)
14 One of these is supposed to help, in time—but not in side. (8)
15 Model to get at, inside the church. (8)
16 Outraced the principal, perhaps. (8)
18 Tilts at biased ideas? (6)
19 Where married folk might look for understanding, if patient? (6)
20 Does it have the appearance of a verb inflection? (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1026

ACROSS: I Double bill; 10 Declare; 11 Morphia; 12 Mistakes; 13 Unlit; 15 and 21 Conger eels; 17 Obbligato; 19 Purloined; 23 Gusto; 24 and 6 Neighborhood; 27 Adoring; 28 Tearing; 29 Eyes; 30 Stonehenge. DOWN: 1 Dodo; 2 Unction; 3 Least; 4 Breakdown; 5 Lumps; 7 Ophelia; 8 Draft horse; 9 Croupier; 14 Scapegrace; 16 Economic; 18 Badminton; 20 Restore; 22 Emotion; 24 Night; 25 Heath; 26 Ogee.

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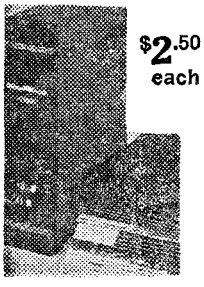

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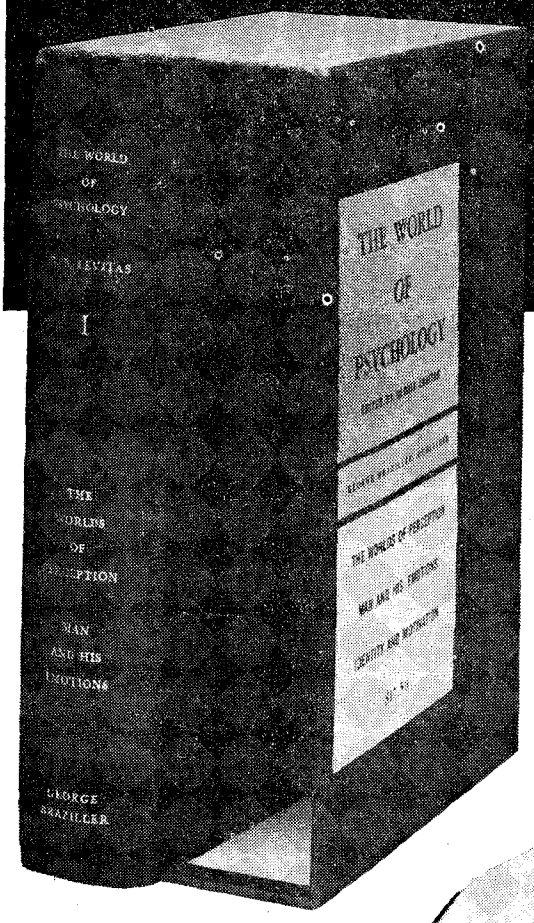

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